

SONNET XX.



THESE Eyes (thy Beauty's Tenants ')
pay due tears For occupation of
mine Heart, thy Freehold, In Tenure
of Love's service ! If thou behold
With what exaction, it is held through
fears ; And yet thy Rents, extorted daily,
bears.

Thou would not, thus, consume my quiet's
gold ! And yet, though covetous thou be, to
make Thy beauty rich, with renting me so
roughly, And at such sums : thou never
thought dost take, But still consumes me !
Then, thou dost misguide all ! Spending in
sport, for which I wrought so toughly !
When I had felt all torture, and had tried
all ; And spent my Stock, through 'strain of
thy extortion; On that, I had but good
hopes, for my portion.

SONNET XXI .



YEA, but uncertain hopes are Anchors
feeble, When such faint-hearted pilots guide
my ships, Of all my fortune's Ballast with
hard pebble, Whose doubtful voyage proves
not worth two chips* If when but one dark
cloud shall dim the sky, The Cables of hope's
happiness be cut ; When bark, with
thoughts-drowned mariners shall lie, Prest
for the whirlpool of griefs endless glut. If
well thou mean, *PARTHENOPHE* ! then ravish
Mine heart, with doubtless hope of mutual
love / If otherwise ; then let thy tongue run
lavish ! For this, or that, am I resolved to
prove ! And both, or either ecstasy shall
move Me! ravished, end with surfeit of
relief; Or senseless, daunted, die with
sudden grief.